

PEALS
FROM
THE BELFRY



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PEALS FROM THE BELFRY:

Lyrics,

BY

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PEALS FROM THE BELFRY.

MAKE WAY !

“ Pomp and pride, wealth and birth,
These have had their reign on earth ;
Each has had its little day,
Each in turn must pass away.”
Thus, as Life’s watchtower I climb,
Breathes the Spirit of the Time—
Breathes it ever, passing by,
While the nations make reply—
“ Night is gone, day comes on,
Breaks the morning, clear and strong ;
Stand aside, power and pride,
Let the People move along !”

Not in vain that Spirit seeks
To instruct us while it speaks,
There's a meaning, little known,
In its deep and mystic tone.
Toil, that oft hath bowed the head,
Patient souls, that oft have bled,
Worth, that wealth would fain let die,
May stand erect, constrained to cry—

“ Night is gone, day comes on,
Breaks the morning clear and strong ;
Stand aside, wealth and Spride,
Let the People move along !”

Humble tiller of the land,
Craftsman, with the horny hand,
Worker of the lonely mine,
Long enough your noble line,
Slighted and contemned, hath borne
The proud one's censure, rich one's scorn ;
Rise and give the honest lie
To class distinctions, hear the cry—

“ Night is gone, day comes on,
Breaks the morning clear and strong ;
Stand aside, rank and pride,
Let the People move along !”

Why should labour, talent, worth,
Drag out life upon God's earth ?
Are not men of every grade
In His matchless image made ?
Hath he not to each tribe given
A "common lot," and hope of heaven ?
His love and justice both reply
In thunders rolling through the sky—
 "Night is gone, day comes on,
 Breaks the morning clear and strong ;
Stand aside, pomp and pride,
 Let the People move along !"

Work on ! human bees—life's hive
Is large enough for all to strive.
Go ! gather wisdom, virtue, love ;
Your homes, yourselves, the world improve.
Nor despots' heel, nor fortune's frown,
Hath longer power to keep you down !
Work on ! old prejudices die,
And everywhere the nations cry—
 "Night is gone, day comes on,
 Breaks the morning clear and strong ;
Stand aside, power and pride,
 Let the People move along !"

THE LARGE BRAVE HEART.

I love the glad, the merry heart, whose tones shed joy
around,

Where'er there is a merry heart to echo back the sound;
I love the gentle, trusting heart, rejoicing to confide
Its secret thoughts and feelings to some object at its
side.

I love the bold and manly heart that dares assert a
cause,

Regardless of the world's reproach or of the world's
applause;

But most I love the large brave heart, where'er such
heart I find,

That throbs with love for home, for friend, for country,
and mankind.

The heart whose love is boundless as the waters of the
 deep,
Is spotless as an infant's soul, calm as an infant's sleep;
Whose changeless faith will still live on, whatever may
 betide,
Will honour humble virtue and protect the weaker side,
Will cheer the weary and oppressed, and ne'er so happy
 feel
As when with some poor wanderer it shares the scanty
 meal :
Such is the large brave heart I love, where'er such
 heart I find,
That throbs with love for home, for friend, for country,
 and mankind.

The heart that is not all engrossed with selfish pride or
 gold,
That will not spread a false report, nor wait to hear one
 told ;
That will not aggravate a fault, t'were better far to
 mend,
Nor sneer at works and schemes of good it cannot com-
 prehend
That soars above *their* petty strifes, of whom it is
 decreed
To never think a noble thought nor do a noble deed :

Such is the large brave heart I love, where'er such
heart I find,
That throbs with love for home, for friend, for country,
and mankind.

How many such brave, loving hearts have trod this earth
of ours,
Have strewed its dark and rugged paths with bright
and blessed flowers ?
How many—whom for scorn, and pride, and hate, the
world ne'er knew—
Have come as “angels unawares” their holy work
to do ?
Their forms are gone, their names are lost, but not
their truth and worth,
These live to bless the soul of man, to beautify the earth;
To bid us love the large brave heart, where'er such
heart we find,
That throbs with love for home, for friend, for country,
and mankind.

NO MORE LET US DIFFER.

No more let us differ, as oft we have done,
Let our anger go down with the light of the sun,
And a well-spring of joy shall gush forth in the breast.
Pure and calm as his smile in the far-distant west.
Not long does the life-blood career through the heart :
Like the glory of summer, we come and depart ;
Yet, e'en like that glory, if gentle and kind,
We leave both a perfume and beauty behind.

No more let us differ ! If falsehood or wrong
Have biassed our judgment, or sat on our tongue,
Let the act be atoned for—regret be conveyed
For the pain we have caused, and the wound we have
made :

For who, of the thousands that look up to heaven,
Can hope by his God to be freely forgiven,
If he live not a life of forbearance and love,
But withhold from mankind what he asks from above ?

No more let us differ ! We've plenty to do,
As 'mid sunshine and tempest we travel life through,
In keeping our frail barque from drifting astray—
Without falling out 'mong ourselves by the way.
Oh ! wisest is he who forgives and forgets,
Whose anger goes down with the sun when he sets—
Whose soul is prepared for a bright world of bliss,
By the friendship and love it has cherished in this.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

I honour Old Christmas, I love him right well,
 For he binds us to life with a magical spell—
 With a true wreath of friendship—of love-blooming
 flowers,

Such as never were seen in the warm summer hours.
 With a key, formed of kindness, he opens the heart,
 That the griefs and the cares therein lodged may depart,
 May be gone for awhile from the frost-bitten earth,
 Supplanted by transports of rapture and mirth.

I honour Old Christmas! there's rhythm, there's rhyme,
 In the musical flow of his glorious chime,
 Ringing out to the night, telling o'er, one by one,
 The joys of the past, and the days that are gone.
 And who that e'er heard the glad tones of his voice,
 But had reason to bless them—had cause to rejoice,
 But would yield to their power, with the feeling and
 grace
 Of a loving heart won to some dear one's embrace?

I honour Old Christmas ! 'Tis pleasant to see
The ivy entwined with the green holly tree—
To watch the young maid shyly struggle, and now
Surrender her lips 'neath the mistletoe bough—
To join in the festal, to find each dear face
Shedding sunlight around from its wonted old place,
While the heart, like the yule log, burns into a flame,
And glows with the sport of some innocent game.

I honour old Christmas ! for nought is too high
Or too low for the love-glance that lurks in his eye ;
He'll pass the light jest, and he'll laugh, quaff, and sing
With the pauper and peasant, as well as the king.
Let the world, if it will, have its false badge of pride,
But little knows he of distinctions so wide,
Holding fast to this truth that with Nimrod began,
“ The peoples make princes, but God makes the man ! ”

I honour Old Christmas ! because he doth plead
For the aged cast down, and the children of need—
For the dirty and ragged, who swarm in our way,
For the sick, and the souls that have wandered astray.
Wherever he goes, through the length of the land,
Rich gifts he bestows with a liberal hand—
Rich gifts, sent from heaven to succour and bless,
As the manna came down in the wide wilderness.

I honour Old Christmas ! I love him right well,
And would that for ever he could with us dwell,
To gladden the household, to fill us with love,
Pure and deep as if felt by the angels above.
But brief are his visits, not long can he stay,
Like the glad Spring he comes—like the Spring steals
 away ;
Yet his memory and influence cling to us still,
In the practice of virtues he comes to instil.

THE MERRY DAYS OF YOUTH.

Oh, merry is the sunshine,
And merry is the spring,
And merry is the wild bee,
For ever on the wing—
But, ah ! of nature's merriment,
For perfect joy and truth,
There's nothing half so merry
As the merry days of youth.

There's freedom in the soul
When life is green and young,
There's rapture in the heart, too,
And music on the tongue ;
At every step the light foot falls
On groups of thornless flowers,
And Hope, a fairy, dances
To beguile the pleasant hours.

The merry, merry days of youth,
Too soon do they depart,
By worldly care and sorrow chased
From the impulsive heart.
Yet still will linger in the mind
The seeds of love and truth
Which the spirit sowed and gathered
In the merry days of youth.

BETTER THINGS.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the reign of pride shall cease throughout the
world,

When the rule of selfishness is downward hurled,
When the light of knowledge shines in every heart,
And the clouds of prejudice, thrown back, depart—

Then may men look up again,

And behold, as in a glass,

This inspiring truth revealed—

Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When to man his fellow-man shall kindly turn,
When the flame of mutual love shall brightly burn,
When Might's fetter by its light shall be riven,
And the mind debased becomes more like heaven—

Then may men look up again,
And behold, as in a glass,
This inspiring truth revealed—
Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the weak become the strong, aye, strong in
truth,

When wisdom guides old age, and glory youth,
When the wilful blind shall see, each face to face,
And the bitterest foes are clasped in fond embrace—

Then may men look up again,
And behold, as in a glass,
This inspiring truth revealed—
Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the happiness of all, and not the few,
Shall lead the rich ones of the earth to think and do,
When our prisons vainly wait to strengthen crime,
And the last in workhouse walls has spent his time—

Then may men look up again,
And behold, as in a glass,
This inspiring truth revealed—
Better things have come to pass.

Better things shall come to pass—

When the law of love prevails o'er all the earth,

When justice and forbearance spring to birth,

When men shall strive together, and contend

O'er power, scorn, fear, to gain life's noblest end—

Then may men look up again,

And behold, as in a glass,

This inspiring truth revealed—

Better things have come to pass.

MY FRIEND.

The purse-proud one, who struts along
With insolence upon his tongue,
With hauteur glancing in his eye,
And sneers, to mock the passer-by—
Whose moral power and worth are told
In so much land or so much gold :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The purse-proud ne'er shall call me friend.

The selfish one, within whose heart
Rises a narrow rill, apart
From that vast universal tide
Upon whose bosom, clear and wide,
Float down to the eternal sea
The interests of humanity :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The selfish ne'er shall call me friend.

The zealous bigot, in whose hand
Is clutched an ever-burning brand,
Whose lips anathemas deal out
To all who differ—all who doubt—
Who'd lead blindfold, or whip and goad
Mankind into *his* narrow road :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The bigot ne'er shall call me friend.

The slanderer, whose every breath
Scatters the poison-seeds of death,
Blights the fair flowers of truth and fame,
Turns virtue, innocence, to shame—
Wrings from the heart hot tears and sighs,
And fills the world with hate and lies :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The slanderer ne'er shall call me friend.

The thankless wretch, whose heart of stone
No grateful impulse e'er hath known—
Who will each cup of kindness drain,
Take from his Maker sun and rain,
Yet slightingly esteem, or spurn
The offices he should return :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The thankless ne'er shall call me friend.

The sycophant, who'll lavish praise
In fortune's bright and golden days—
Who'll bend obsequiously to wealth,
Do good in public—ill by stealth—
Whose words, should Time his gifts recall,
Soon turn to bitterness and gall :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
The flatterer ne'er shall call me friend.

The man who, whether rich or poor,
Armed with all virtue, is secure
Against the slings and shafts of fate,
Is nobly good, and humbly great—
Who strives and does the best he can
To serve his God and fellow-man :
Fare as I may, unto life's end,
Such one shall ever call me friend.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

A beggar boy stopped at a rich man's door ;
“ I am homeless, and friendless, and faint and poor,”
Said the beggar boy, as the large tear rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold ;
“ O, give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help the beggar boy on his way !”
“ Not a crust, not a crumb ”—the rich man said ;
“ Be off ! and work for your daily bread !”

The rich man went to the parish church,
His face grew grave as he neared the porch—
And the timid poor, the thronging mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service begun, the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim ;
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were—“ Give us this day our daily bread !”

COME FORTH.

Come forth, come forth, and let us roam
Away from busy haunts of home,
Away from hives of toiling men,
Through woodland, valley, grove, and glen,
Where we awhile may sink to rest
Upon the earth's green velvet breast,
May listen in our souls, and hear
Th' eternal music of each sphere.

Come forth ! the sweet, the fragrant May
Perfumes the bright and cloudless way ;
The hedge-rows smile, the wild flowers sing.
The praises of the blue-eyed Spring ;
The wandering breeze goes humming by,
The lark mounts upward to the sky,
There soars, forgetful of the sod,
And learns the harmonies of God.

Come forth, and let the spirit wean
Itself from each distracting scene,
From "carking care," from grasping gain,
From worldly pride and worldly pain;
And, looking Nature in the face,
A thousand joys and pleasures trace,
Reserved for those who feel her charms,
And love to lie within her arms.

Come forth! in every blade, leaf, tree,
There breathes a voice for you and me;
A spirit-language, whose deep tone
Appeals unto the heart alone;
A Presence that hath power to bless,
And fill with love and loveliness,
With transport wild and holy mirth,
The weary denizen of earth.

Come forth! the friendly cuckoo's call
Answers to yonder waterfall;
The thrush and linnet, on the thorn,
Give back the jocund laugh of morn;
The bleating sheep, the lowing kine,
Address, methinks, your heart and mine,
And bid us o'er the hills away,
To celebrate the birth of May.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn *their* story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake—
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

I never see the very poor plod on their homeless way,
Pursued by poverty and shame, as bloodhounds track
 their prey,
Nor mark the wasted sunken cheek, that tells of strong
 health gone,
Of foodless days and cries for bread when there,
 alas! was none:
I never hear the voice of want appealing at my door,
But in my heart of hearts I pray—"God help, God
 help the poor!"

God help the poor! for what a life, a weary life is
 theirs;
A thorny, rough-hewn path by day—at night a bed
 of cares;
A hard dry crust, a few stray crumbs, dropped from
 some scanty meal,
And punished if they ask for these, and punished if
 they steal;

A workhouse, or a prison cell, in either to endure
Such pangs as make the feeling heart exclaim—

“God help the poor!”

And yet how many live this life of brute-like misery,
Who perish in a land of wealth—before our faces die,
Who herd on steps, in outhouses, and alleys foul
and dim,

The night-wind singing, all the time, their coming
funeral hymn—

As if the selfishness that made the mammon heart
secure

Spoke in that wind, and mocked the cry—“God help,
God help the poor!”

God help the poor! this bitter, bleak, and searching
winter-time,

To keep their souls untouched by guilt, their hands
unstained by crime:

Let food and clothes and shelter, too, to every
one be given,

So shed within their darkened minds a ray of light
from heaven—

So fill their hearts with gratitude, with aspirations pure
Awakened by the blessed words—the words—“God
help the poor!”

God help the poor ! and so he will, and as he only can
Who judgeth not, rewardeth not, as does vain mortal,
man :

With Him, the very poor of earth, the starving and
ill-clad,
Shall live a life of boundless joy, and in his house be
glad ;

While those who spurned the sons of want, and 'gainst
them closed the door,
Shut out, shall hear the angels sing—" Behold,
God helps the poor ! "

DO NOT LEAVE ME.

Do not leave me, I am lonely,
Ever when from thee I part,
Day and night my thoughts are only
Of thee, idol of my heart,—
For the world has nought can cheer me,
When thou'rt absent from my side,
But when thou, loved one, art near me,
All is joy and hope beside.

Do not leave me ; as the river
Glides unto the distant sea,
So my heart's deep current ever
Keeps its silent course to thee.
Since thy mystic spell has bound me
In its firm but gentle sway,
All is dark and drear around me,
Loved one, when thou art away.

KING WINTER.

King Winter ! King Winter ! behold him come forth
In his mantle of mist, driving down from the north,
Like a despot determined to vanquish and reign
Beyond the ice-walls of his Polar domain :
'Tis in vain that we cling to the rich autumn hours --
'Tis in vain that we cherish its fruits and its flowers---
King Winter comes on, he is with us once more---
His breath on the pane, and his voice at the door.

King Winter ! King Winter ! no laggard is he,
Whatever the distance he cometh may be ;
He travels in haste, and he travels with speed,
The cloud is his chariot, the wind is his steed :
Though moor, ocean, mountain, stretch wide in his
flight,
He grasps at the rein, and is here in a night---
Is here in a night, and when morning appears,
The face of Dame Nature looks older by years.

King Winter, King Winter ! his footprints we know,
They're seen in the hailstorm, they're traced in the
snow—

In the icicles hanging, like bright spears of old,
In the skeleton leaf drifting loose on the wold,
In the hard crusted ridge, where the ploughshare has
passed,
In the oak and the elm as they bend to the blast,
In the once foaming torrent, congealed on the rocks,
And the dust he shakes down from his white-
powdered locks.

King Winter, King Winter, doth daintily dine
On the leaves of the myrtle, the leaves of the vine ;
He bites off the fern, and he rifles the bower,
And nibbles the moss from the mouldering tower :
But the holly, and ivy, and laurel he leaves,
And, mingling their tints, a bright coronal weaves,
To greet Father Christmas, and mankind to cheer,
While Time digs the grave of the dying old year.

King Winter, though cold is his touch, while we
trace
Good humour and mirth in his frost-bitten face—
While friendship and charity march in his van,
And his visits are fraught with “good tidings” for man,

Let us meet him and greet him and "hail" him
along,

With dance and with laughter, with carol and song,
With the calm joy of hearts whose delight, first and
best,

Is to shelter and succour the poor and distressed.

THE INGLE SIDE.

The ingle-side, the ingle-side !
Dearer than aught earth holds beside,
Where life glides on in tranquil joy,
And all is peace without alloy ;
What pen can paint,—what lip can tell
The blessings that around it dwell ?—
Blessings for which our fathers died,
Devoted to the ingle-side.

When grief steps in with measured tread,
Or suffering bows the weary head—
When friends, we know not why, grow cold,
Or love not, as in days of old—
How sweet to turn to that bright spot,
By childhood, manhood, ne'er forgot,
Where kindred hearts a balm provide,
And bless us by the ingle-side.

The busy world, from day to day,
May call our better thoughts away—
May tempt the restless one to roam,
Unmindful of the ties of home—
Yet slight, neglect it as we will,
Its guardian smile is with us still,
And glows the breast with honest pride
At mention of the ingle-side.

The ingle-side, the ingle-side !
Blest beyond all in life beside—
There love from nature's fountain springs,
There angels shield us with their wings,
There bud the fair spring-nurtured flowers,
Whose bloom is kept for Eden's bowers—
Well may our sires have bled and died,
To shield from harm the ingle-side.

MERCHANT GOLD.

Gold, red gold, is a merchant old,
Who from manhood's dawn has bought and sold
In every country and every clime
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad round world is his ledger page—
His invoices are of every age,
Nor breathes there a being who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower
Waiting, heart broken, the nuptial hour
When merry bells, amid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to welcome the rich man's bride :
Though *one* is not present, who loves her well
To look a long and a last farewell—
Is she not bargained for ? is she not sold
To the heartless trader, Merchant Gold ?

The miser who steals at the dead of night
To count and gloat o'er his treasures bright,
Who, while others riot in lust, or sleep,
Adds something more to the shining heap—
Whose king, whose priest, whose law divine
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cunning trader, Merchant Gold?

The negro led to the human mart,
Fettered and bound both limb and heart—
Who, stolen and borne o'er the rolling wave,
Is goaded, and scourged, and branded "slave"—
Robbed of his right in nature's plan,
And crushed and cursed by his fellow man—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cruel trader, Merchant Gold?

The man whose principles may be bought,
Who, bribed, will yield up his honest thought—
The godless parson who buys his cure
For the sake of the tithes, not the souls of the poor—
The statesman who grasps at power and place—
The lawyer who cheats with a smiling face—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the selfish trader, Merchant Gold?

Feelings and friendships, love and truth,
Honour and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things—
Body and spirit, matter and mind
Must go, in their turn, to “raise the wind,”
For all are bargained for, all are sold
To the reckless trader, Merchant Gold!

OLD FATHER CARE.

Who's he, who's he, comes frowning now,
 All wrinkled, grey, and old,
 The cypress wreath around his brow,
 His aspect blank and cold ?
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! I know him well,
 His wild eye's vacant glare
 And icy touch too plainly tell—
 It is old Father Care.

He comes, like ancient winter, crowned
 With icicles and sleet,
 To crush life's flowers, and wrap me round
 In his cold winding sheet.
 But I will cheat old Father Care,
 And turn aside his sting—
 For who would yield to grim despair
 When he may laugh and sing ?

King Time is rapid in his flight,
And Death is ever near ;
But if we do the thing that's right,
What cause have we to fear ?
Then let's be merry while we may
And banish dull despair,
For only timid fools give way
To this old Father Care.

SUMMER IS GONE.

The flowers are gone, the brown leaves fall,
The woodbine withers on the wall—
The little birds of song take wing,
To find elsewhere the smiles of Spring.
Adown the lane and through the glade
Where minstrel winds sweet music made,
Where roved the bee and butterfly
Beneath the blue and sunny sky—
No more we mark the glittering sheen
Of Nature, in her robes of green—
No more we hear the pleasant tune
That came from out the heart of June.
Farewell ! farewell ! bright sunny hours,
The breath of Time has stripped your bowers;
Glad Summer's gone, and Autumn's here,
The sage instructor of the year.

Now, round the ingle, warm and bright,
To wile away the long dark night,
Are met and mingled, young and old,
And songs are sung, and tales are told.
Now, in the cheerful game or dance,
The soft eye answers glance with glance,
And many a sweet and welcome word
Is looked and felt before 'tis heard.
Now friend holds argument with friend,
And, soul in arms, does each contend,
As manly natures ever will—
In logic, foes—yet friendly still.
Thus, though the sunny hours are past,
And ancient Winter comes on fast,
While hearths and homes with love are blest,
Glad Summer lingers in the breast.

LAUGHTER.

Begone ! I prithee, cankering grief,
And in thy stead come merry Laughter.
When tears afford the heart relief
They leave a void for some hours after.
Dull sorrow is a malady
That ends in lunacy or phthisic,
But mirth is nature's recipe,
And Laughter is the best of physic.

Unconquered care is like a fire
That burns and flames the more you blow it,
Or like a sexton, wrinkled, dire,
Who digs your grave before you know it.
For young or old—for sage or clown—
For all who live, or may hereafter,
To cure life's ills, or keep them down,
There's nothing like a fit of Laughter.

OLD FRIENDS AND TRIED FRIENDS.

Old friends and tried friends, old friends and true,
Come gather round the hearth to-night, as you were
wont to do,

As you were wont to gather in the olden days gone by,
Ere frosty-pated Winter with his merry nights drew
nigh.

We cannot live for ever, brief is the life of man,
So wise is he who bids it pass with all the joy he can,
For grief and care, like sextons grim, wait ever at the
door

To dash the cup of bliss to earth when it is running
o'er.

Then, old friends and tried friends, old friends and true,
Come gather round the ingle bright as you were wont to
do,

As you were wont to gather in the days of auld lang-
syne,

To meet and greet you once again makes glad this heart
of mine.

Old friends and tried friends, old friends and true,
Come, pass the jovial jest and song as you were wont to
do,
Let mirth and friendship, love and truth, that may not
know decay,
Like guardian angels wait around to bless us while we
stay.
Though memory, watcher o'er the dead, in each familiar
place
Recalls some tranquil pleasure lost, some well-remem-
bered face,
And though, too, some of us, my friends, are getting
grey and old,
The heart once warmed by friendship's fires can never
quite grow cold.
Then old friends and tried friends, old friends and true,
Come gather round the ingle bright as you were wont
to do,
As you were wont to gather in the days of auld lang-
syne,
To meet and greet you once again makes glad this heart
of mine.

BLITHE AND BONNIE IS MY FAIR.

Sae blithe and bonnie is my fair,
Sae rich in every winsome grace,
That O ! I lo'e her mair and mair
The mair I gaze upon her face.
As lang as blooms the heather bell,
Or flow the waters of the Clyde,
Sae lang my heart maun glow and swell,
To ha'e her clinging to my side.

There is a music in her tone,
A language in her laughing e'e,
And when at night we walk alone
Sae sweetly they appeal to me.
I ken, in truth, she lo'es me weel,
For when I fauld her to my breast
And fail to speak the half I feel,
Her throbbing heart supplies the rest.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

One night as the earth lay in darkness and fear,
From the tramp of the charger, the gleam of the
sword,
An Angel, the olive branch bearing, drew near
Where so lately the thunder of conflict had roared.
Down her cheek rolled the heart-dew that whispers of
grief,
But a change, full of meaning, soon over it came,
And the hearts of men leap'd with a sense of relief,
As the night flowers looked up and repeated her
name.

'Twas morn : not a sign of War's glory was seen,
Not a *hero* lay dead, not a blade snapt in twain—
The leaves and the trees, as of old, were all *green*.
And the sunflower looked up at its Maker again ;
In the cot and the palace dwelt sunshine and mirth,
And man to his fellow was gentle and kind—
For the Angel of Peace had walked over the earth,
And left but the prints of her footsteps behind.

LOVE AND HELP.

Whoe'er finds a suffering brother,
Lost amid life's busy crowd,
Whom misfortune hath o'ertaken,
Ignorance or misery bowed,
Whom the world, unsympathising,
Scorns and crushes with its ban,
Let him cheer that suffering brother,
Love and help him all he can.

Whoe'er meets a Christian brother,
Whom the bigot throngs pursue,
Hurling poisoned shafts of malice,
Swearing white is black or blue—
Pleading for those rights of conscience
Given by God when time began,
Let him cheer that Christian brother,
Love and help him all he can.

Whoe'er sees an erring brother
Running out a life of shame,
Whom no friendship hastes to succour,
Love nor law seeks to reclaim—
Knowing what temptations wait us,
And how poor's the strength of man,
Let him cheer that erring brother,
Love and help him all he can.

Whoe'er hath an humble brother,
Lacking dignity of birth,
But whose honest heart beats proudly
With the nobleness of worth ;
Though a minor part he playeth
In the world's great social plan,
Let him cheer that humble brother,
Love and help him all he can.

Whoe'er marketh youthful genius,
Panting, toiling but to claim
Golden gifts and golden honours
In the up-hill path of fame—
Proud to witness each endeavour
To attain the foremost van,
Let him cheer that youthful genius,
Love and help him all he can.

Ever are there works of mercy
Deeds of kindness to be done—
Ever seasons for the doing
'Neath the circuit of the sun ;
Gifted with a willing spirit,
Though our days be but a span,
We may glad the hearts of thousands,
If we do the best we can.

Thou who through life's varied stages
Playest the heroic part,
Time's dark evils ever conqu'ring
With the strong love of the heart—
Know that every tear thou driest,
Every earthly chain that's riven,
Lendeth lustre, giveth glory,
To thy kingly crown in heav'n !

THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

Dear England, old England, blest soil of the free,
Whose banner so proudly floats over the sea,
The might of whose arms and the light of whose worth
For ages have dazzled the empires of earth—
What conquests and glories encircle thy name,
'Tis the war cry of valour, the watchword of fame!
But, better than all, wheresoe'er I may be,
I know that thy banner waves over the free!

Dear England, old England, though fearless in war,
The triumph of skill is thy bright ruling star—
Thou workshop of nations, thou world's mighty mart.
Thy landmarks are genius, and science, and art;
While thy patriot sons, at the loom and the plough,
Weave an evergreen chaplet to twine round thy brow.
Thy fair brow, old England, the dearer to me
For I know that thy banner waves over the free!

Dear England, old England, may bloodshed no more
Mark thy sway on the deep, or be seen on thy shore ;
May thy grandeur and greatness for ever increase,
And thy voice to mankind be the herald of peace !
Then the despot, the war-fiend, to death shall be hurled,
And one name be the hope and the pride of the world—
Thy name, dear old England, bright pearl of the sea,
Whose banner shall ever wave over the free !

THY VOICE IS NOW SILENT.

Thy voice is now silent, the hearth is now cold,
 Where thy smile and thy welcome oft met me of old ;
 I miss thee, and mourn thee, in silence, unseen ;
 I dwell on the memory of joys that have been ;
 But nor weeping, nor memory, affords me relief,
 For my heart is bowed down with the weight of its
 grief.

I know that life's sorrows with thee are all past,
 That thy spirit, with angels, is happy at last ;
 For in dreams of the night, when the world is at rest,
 I list to thee singing the song of the blest ;
 But those moments, so blissful, are restless and brief,
 And my heart is bowed down with the weight of its
 grief.

THE LINE OF DUTY.

The world's frown never fear,
Nor yet its hate or scorn—
Fulfil the mission here
For which thy soul was born :
To friend and foe be kind,
From guilt preserve thy breast—
Act nobly to mankind,
And leave to God the rest.

Should bitter feuds prevail,
Bid angry thoughts begone—
Or she thou trustest fail,
Condemn not all for one :
Guard thine own bosom well,
Let Love, an angel guest,
For ever in it dwell,
And leave to God the rest.

RAGS AND TATTERS.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
O! the curse of these small matters!
Woe to him who, shorn of riches,
Wears the cast-off coat and breeches!
Though he once could keep his carriage,
And had "thousands" on his marriage;
Though he's given fêtes and dinners
To some score of courtly sinners;
If he's now in rags and tatters,
These are all forgotten matters.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
O! the scorn of these old matters!
If a man is brave and holy,
Armed 'gainst crime and vice and folly;
If he practise self-denial,
And withstand Life's fiercest trial;
Blest with moral strength and reason,
Fitted for each work and season,
But is clad in rags and tatters,
They conceal these minor matters.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
O ! the curse of these poor matters !
God preserve the sons of labour,
Watch around our ill-clad neighbour,
Bless our poorer kin by dozens
Even down to second-cousins :
For if thou, O God ! forsake 'em,
Then the world must overtake 'em
With its scorn of these small matters,
Rags and tatters, rags and tatters !

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

I love to hear the mountain rill
 Go singing on its way,
To hear the little skylark trill
 Its spiritual lay ;
To list the cooing of the dove,
Or zephyr sighing through the grove
 Towards the close of day :
But there's a sweeter music still
Than's breathed by skylark, dove, or rill.

I love to hear the honest tongue,
 When old friends meet again ;
To hear the lover, warm and young,
 Breathe the impassioned strain ;
The words of sister, or of wife,
As honey drops, may sweeten life,
 And banish half our pain :
But there's a music can transcend
The tones of lover, wife, or friend.

I heard it first in childhood's years,
Ere yet the playful boy
Had felt its power, or dreamed of tears
Drawn from the fount of joy :
It is not now—and I deplore
That I can never hear it more,
That death should e'er destroy
What best can make the heart rejoice—
The music of a mother's voice !

HOW TO KILL THE POPE.

Not by jangling—not by wrangling—
Hurling stones at one another—
Teaching man to scorn his neighbour—
Persecute his honest brother :
Not by finding flaws in doctrines
Which our teaching may disown,
Thinking little of the evils
Quite as great within our own :
Not by setting creeds to battle—
Christian men to battle too,
Just because one disbelieveth
What another says is true :
Not by rampant declamation,
Calling, in an angry tone,
On the State to settle questions
Which belong to God alone :
Not by raking up the ashes
Of some dark and bygone age—
Pointing to the flames of Smithfield
To increase the zealot's rage :

Not by packed and crowded meetings,
Where, misled by passion's tide,
Facts and arguments are quoted,
Bearing only on one side :
Not by falsehood and perversion ;
Not by calumny and wrong ;
Not by sowing seeds of discord,
With the pen, the Press, and tongue :
Bigotry ne'er made a convert—
Fierce discussion, hottest fight,
Proves not that the Pope's in error,
Nor the Church of England's right.

But by doing, oft and ever,
All the good that mortal can,
Worshipping the God who made us,
Not the creed of any man :
Taking Christ for our example—
Making him our guide and rule ;
Offering no offence to any—
Calling no one knave or fool :
By endeavouring to make better
Whosoe'er is dark and bad—
Cheering on the poor and downcast—
Making mournful hearts feel glad :

Showing up the power of kin dness,
And the bitter gall of strife—
Putting off the truth's profession—
Putting on the truth in life :
By reclaiming the dishonoured,
Teaching those who never heard,
In our crowded courts and hovels,
Of their Maker's name or word :
By assisting education,
Giving mental light to all ;
Leaving each man unmolested,
By his faith to stand or fall ;
Striving, in a noble spirit,
With our heart's love to embrace,
Raise and succour, bless and honour,
All the wide-spread human race :
Thus, like valiant Christian warriors,
Armed for conflict, we may cope
With all crime, and wrong, and error,
Kill the Devil and the Pope.

THERE IS A TREASURE.

There is a treasure rare and pure
In this world may be found,
'Tis prized alike by rich and poor
Where'er truth doth abound.
'Tis not the hidden wealth of seas,
Nor gem of foreign strand—
Oh! purer, brighter, far than these,
It beams in every land.

It sheds o'er this wide earth of ours
A spirit-kindling ray,
And throngs it with unfading flowers
When summer dies away.
The breast may be of hope bereft,
And tears of grief may start,
Yet life's still dear, if there be left
One fond and faithful heart.

HE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the homespun suit he wears,
 Best suited to the sons of toil—
What though on coarsest food he fares,
 And tends the loom, or tills the soil—
What though no goldleaf gild the tongue,
 Devoted to congenial chat,
If right prevail, and not the wrong,
 The man is none the worse for that.

What though within the humble cot
 No costly ornament is seen—
What though the wife possesses not
 Her satin gowns of black and green—
What though the merry household band
 Half naked fly to ball and bat ;
If conscience guide the heart and hand,
 The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress,
Of splendour, wealth, or ancient lore ;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more.
Though pride may scorn the toiling crowd,
The tattered garb, the crownless hat ;
Yet, God and Nature cry aloud,
The man is none the worst for that.

MY HOME IS ON THE MOUNTAIN STEEP.

My home is on the mountain steep,
 Far away, far away,
Where the playful chamois leap,
 All the day, all the day.
Oft in sunny dreams of joy,
Glad and eager as a boy,
 Do I climb each Alpine height,
Led away in fancy's flight,
To the well-known mountain steep,
 Far away, far away,
Where the playful chamois leap
 All the day, all the day.

For years I've roamed the stranger's shore,
 Young and free, young and free,
Still my spirit pines the more,
 Home to see, home to see.—
Though each scene is fair and bright,
Turns my heart in fond delight

To the old romantic spot,
Where still stands my father's cot
High upon the mountain steep
 Far away, far away,
Where the playful chamois leap
 All the day, all the day.

LIGHT.

Light, free, boundless as the air,
God has scattered everywhere,
Scattered with a liberal hand,
Over every sea and land ;
From the Indus to the Pole,
Through the universal soul—
Light, as boundless as the air,
God has scattered everywhere.

Since Creation's hallowed morn,
When the earth was newly born ;
When, through Eden's blissful bowers,
Time walked in his infant hours,
And the stars, hung in the skies,
Shone as they were angels' eyes—
Light, God's love, distilled from heaven,
Bounteously has been given.

From the flower, whose leaves of gold
In the morning sun unfold,
To the winged chorister
Singing in the balmy air,
Blade and blossom, insect, beast—
From the greatest to the least—
All the light of heaven share,
And feel its author everywhere.

Unto man, immortal man,
Noblest part in Nature's plan,
Only is by law denied
What his Maker hath supplied :
Robbed of his eternal right,
Mental freedom, mental light,
That unto the meanest brings
Angel thoughts and angel wings.

Taxed each channel through which streams
Wisdom's bright and searching beams—
Taxed inquiry into wrong,
Patriot's plea and poet's song—
Taxed the knowledge which contains
All the store of mental gains,
And teems with grandeur and with grace,
The living record of our race.

Taxed the light, which, could it shine
Down into the noisome mine —
Taxed the light, which, could it cheer
The lonely cell, the garret drear,
Might re-create, build up again
Some hearts bow'd down by toil and pain,
And wash away the foul remains
Of human guilt and human stains.

Taxed the light which leadeth youth
Up to goodness, greatness, truth—
Taxed the light which in old age
Warms the patriarch, glads the sage—
Taxed the light, which from the sod
Takes man nearer to his God,
And ope's his earth-bound eyes to see
What otherwise were mystery.

Tax the light? No, not the light!
Tax the dark cloud—tax the night—
Tax oppression, lust and war;
But let the light that comes from far,
Upspringing in the Maker-mind,
Be unrestricted to mankind—
Be free and boundless, so the Press,
Humanity shall raise and bless!

A GOOD·HONEST HEART.

I'm happy, I'm cheerful, I'm merry, I'm gay,
From year's end to year's end, so time glides away ;
Though on humblest of fare, or on dainties I dine,
Contentment and health are companions of mine.
There is joy in my cup, there is peace at my board,
And though poor, yet in spirit I'm rich as a lord ;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a good honest heart.

I frown not on those whom the world calleth great,
For what God has ordained can be no whim of fate ;
I speak no ill word of my dear fellow man,
But endeavour to tell all the good that I can.
Should the orphan and widow look in at my door,
I wish them God speed ' perhaps do something more ;
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a good honest heart.

What were *this* world to me, or the blessings it brings,
If love to my soul lent not freedom and wings ?
And as for the *next*, dare I dream of its bliss
If my duty to man were neglected in this ?
Then murmur who will ! cheered by love's guiding ray,
My spirit shall keep on in duty's broad way,
For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part—
The true spring of peace is a good honest heart !

POMPEII.

Amid thy ruins, Pompeii, my spirit walks to-day,
In search of thy magnificence, thy glory passed away;
'Mid crumbling columns—wrecks of ancient grandeur—
do I tread,
Like some lorn ghost come back to mourn the city of
the dead.

I gaze upon thy frescoed walls—upon each ruined
shrine,
Whose desolation hath a voice, and speaks in tones
divine—
I stand beneath thy temple, where, two thousand years
ago,
Great Pliny stood, who found a grave in thy dread over-
throw.

Within thy once majestic gates the pilgrim stranger
comes

Musing around thy Forum, and along thy street of
tombs;

As though thy disinterred dust and fragments could
recall

The lofty hopes, the throbbing hearts that perished in
thy fall.

Great city! mighty charnel-house! the iron pen of
Time

Hath writ thy mournful history in characters sublime:
For who, that marked thy pride of old, had thought
that in one day,

Thy altars, temples, palaces, should all have passed
away!

THE POLAR STAR OF MEMORY.

Take a parting gift from me,
Simple though that gift may be—
In the night of coming years,
When thine eyes are dim with tears,
And thy mind's declining powers
Die away like autumn flowers—
Then, that parting gift shall be
The polar star of memory !

Time and grief will soon destroy
Every fond thought, every joy—
Tear, with ruthless hands, apart
Links that bind us heart to heart.
Then, in that deep hour of gloom,
When the breast is hope's sad tomb—
Then, that parting gift shall be
The polar star of memory !

CHILDHOOD.

Hark ! the whoop of merry voices !
 Hark to childhood's roundelay !
How the human heart rejoices
 In its wild and boundless play—
In its never-ceasing gladness—
 In its innocence and mirth—
Who could dream of pain or sadness
 While such music glads the earth !
Happy, merry, sinless childhood,
 Wheresoe'er thy bright smiles be,
In the household or the wildwood
 Thou'rt a thing of joy to me !

Where the butterfly delightest
 To unfold his airy wing,
Where the wilding flowers are brightest,
 Where the young birds sweetest sing,

Where all nature tends to pleasure,
Sunny streams and meads among,
Thou dost gambol to the measure
Of an everlasting song—
Happy, merry, sinless childhood,
Wheresoe'er thy bright smiles be,
In the household or the wildwood,
Thou'rt a thing of joy to me !

HAPPY AS A KING.

As mine, no heart is half so light,
Whether at morn, or noon, or night,
I labour hard—I pay my way,
And do some good deed every day;
For oft I've proved, what now you're told,
A warm heart is worth more than gold,
And he who does a kindly thing
Shall feel as happy as a king.

I have not much that I can spare,
But what I have I freely share;
From want I never turn aside,
Nor cringe to pampered wealth or pride.
I strive to act an honest part,
To succour the afflicted heart,
And when I've done a kindly thing,
I feel as happy as a king.

Thus have I lived, thus may I die,
And bid this world of ours 'good bye,'
And from this faith I'll never swerve,
That God my spirit will preserve;
For oft I've proved, what now you're told,
A warm heart is worth more than gold,
And he who does a kindly thing,
Must feel as happy as a king.

IN MEMORIAM.

Low in the graveyard, deep and low
 My little darling lies—
The flowers will grow, the flowers will blow,
The summer hours will come and go,
And earth, all smiles, look bright below,
 Wooing the golden skies—
But not for her who deep and low
 Within the graveyard lies.

Drear is the household, dark and drear
 As one long wintry night,—
Gone is the voice that used to cheer,
The little footstep that drew near,
The eye that shone so bright and clear
 With hope and young delight,—
Drear is the household, dark and drear,
 Its sun has set in night.

Never again shall I behold
 That little form and face—
The tide of life is backward rolled,
The shroud is worn, the bell is toll'd,
The grave is deep, and dark, and cold—
 She sleeps in death's embrace—
Never again shall I behold
 That interesting face.

The quiet chamber where she lay
 In nature's trying hour,
Is filled with shadowy forms alway,
With relics of that life's decay,
With whispering tones that seem to say—
 "Another spirit-flower,
Unblown, hath passed from earth away,
 To bloom in heaven's bower."

And not alone my tears will flow
 For little Josephine—
Companionless and touched with woe,
Her little playmates come and go,
They speak not, but their glances show
 Their memories are green,—
I count the hours with tears that flow
 For little Josephine.

Low in the graveyard, deep and low,
 My little darling lies—
The flowers will grow, the flowers will blow,
The summer hours will come and go,
And earth, all smiles, look bright below,
 Wooing the golden skies—
But not for her who deep and low
 Within the graveyard lies.

FINIS.





